THE
NATION

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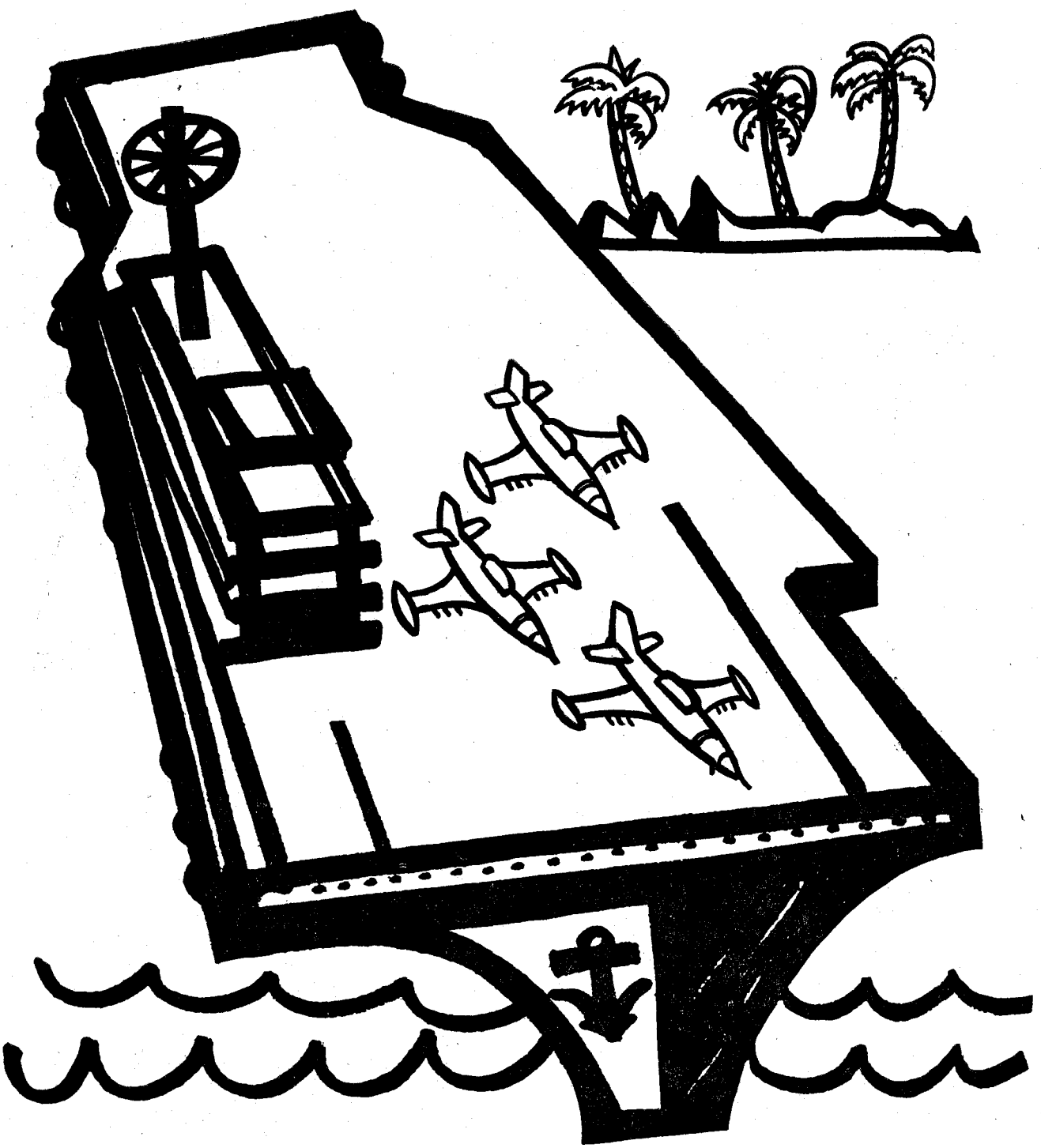

THE SIXTH FLEET SAILS EAST . . *Geoffrey Barraclough*

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LETTERS

The Public's Profit

Dear Sirs: As one who has spent almost twenty-five years in the field of ethical pharmaceutical advertising, I want to commend Milton Moskowitz for his generally excellent article, Wonder Profits in Wonder Drugs, in your issue of April 27. The author emphasized the tremendous climb in the volume and profits in the sale of these drugs, but mentions only fleetingly the impact they have had on the health and lifespan of millions. Whatever the profits the manufacturers have garnered, I would venture to estimate that the public has saved even more. The sulfonamides and antibiotics have saved millions of men, women and children from surgery (not to mention pain, grief and mortality). They have hastened recovery in tuberculosis, pneumonia, syphilis and numerous other conditions. A cost of $10 or $12 for a prescription is trifling when compared to the cost of an operation, a two-week stay in hospital and special nursing care.

As to the antagonism many doctors are alleged to have for direct-mail advertising, during the past two years our agency sent out double government postcards for surveys (offering nothing at all, not even a sample). One survey brought 36 per cent reply cards, the other 44 per cent. This would hardly be possible if 41.4 per cent of doctors didn't read or were not influenced by direct mailings.

ALLEN KLEIN

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Academic Freedom Award

Dear Sirs: Your readers will be interested in knowing that an annual award for an outstanding contribution to the promotion of academic freedom, to be known as the "Alexander Meiklejohn Award for Academic Freedom," has just been established through a gift to the American Association of University Professors by alumni and former faculty members of the Experimental College at Wisconsin University. The award will be bestowed each February to a president or other administrative officer, a member of a board of trustees or a board as a group, of an American college or university.

Dr. Meiklejohn, eighty-five, is an internationally known educator, philosopher and proponent of civil liberties and academic freedom. A former president of Amherst College and dean of Brown University, he directed the Experimental College—a five-year testing ground for new teaching methods and curriculum—from 1927 to 1932.

This is the first award to be established in the area of academic freedom, and is further unique in that it has been established by the action of an alumni group.

ROBERT FRASE

Washington, D. C.

Fair Exchange

Dear Sirs: Any reader of *The Nation* and the *Progressive* who would like to exchange these publications regularly for copies of the *New Statesman and Nation* and of the *Tribune* (London), please communicate with Mrs. R. Marshall, Tutties Ingle Neuk, Arbroath, Angus, Scotland.

ERNEST A. HUTCHINSON

South Pasadena, Calif.

Age of Improvisation

Dear Sirs: Recent issues of *The Nation* suggest that we are in the Age of Improvisation. The writings of J. D. Salinger are linked to "brilliant mirror images" and Maurice Grosser's review of modern painting concludes that "improvisation is the determining characteristic." Improvisation has also become the familiar technique of other modern art forms. Jazz is born in the jam session; the modern dance is symbolic of the erratic and spontaneous; modern sculpture attempts to freeze a fragmentary sensation.

The technique is also represented in politics and industry. The State Department does not find it necessary to formulate a blueprint of policy; improvisation from one crisis to the next will suffice. Wage increases are offset by price increases, producing the highest profits in history, and there is no need to worry about the ultimate consequences.

The same attitude has grafted itself onto the basic patterns of living. Our interests and activities are not the result of careful planning and detailed attention, but rather a series of disconnected emotional satisfactions selected in a thoughtless fashion. We rush through life swiftly, making only a few significant decisions and allowing the natural course of events to determine our day-to-day activities.

Not that improvisation is to be deprecated. To the extent that the interpreter's experience has been rich and his communicative abilities perfected, the method of improvisation will be meaningful. The important thing is to recognize the transition which has taken place, evaluate its implications and make improvisation a truer instrument of our purposes.

ELI E. FINK

Winnetka, Illinois

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1957
VOLUME 184, NUMBER 20

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Guilty As Charged

The most crushing epithet that can be hurled in today's political discussions—the fact itself is both ironic and suggestive—is the charge of being "naive." You're naive if you believe that nations should act as though the people and their leaders thought that wars might be avoided. You're naive if you believe that politicians might win more elections if they gave greater emphasis to sincerity and idealism and less to slick slogans and huckstering gimmicks. You're naive if you believe, with Ernest Gross, former U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, that morality is an important component of power. (Moral force, he has pointed out, cannot move mountains, but it moves people—and people move mountains.)

Two articles in this issue invite predictable reactions in this vein from some of our favorite, most idealistic readers. On the one hand, Geoffrey Barraclough's analysis (page 431) of Mr. Dulles' experiment with power politics in the Middle East will be denounced as cynical and defeatist, despite the fact that this use of a brand of ton-of-bricks diplomacy to stifle unrest (itself largely due to Western influence) is almost certain to be self-defeating in the end. On the other hand, James Avery Joyce's evaluation (page 433) of the United Nations as it struggles toward maturity and greater effectiveness will be flayed as "naive" by the same critics who will find Mr. Barraclough "cynical." Yet the editors of *The Nation*, with one exception, feel that Mr. Joyce calls attention to an unmistakable reality which, in the excitement of the Suez crisis and subsequent events, has been obscured.

As events unfold, it will be interesting to see how effective the Administration's power gambit in the Middle East proves to be. The same test of time, we suspect, will reveal that Washington might have done better to heed the precepts of morality and enlightened self-interest by following through on the policy of applying American power through the U.N.

The one pathetic aspect of the world organization, as Ernest Gross has said, is its budget. Twelve million dollars—approximately the amount which the President has so casually offered Hussein—is set aside for all its regional economic activities, the administration of all economic and human-rights progress, narcotic-drug control, world-wide statistical work and the administration of the refugee program! The way to strengthen the U.N., of course, would be to enable that body to place larger resources and energies at the service of populations which are determined to achieve higher standards of well-being and freedom; we would thereby infuse "the faltering of the free" with a sense of common interest and, at the same time, deepen the respect of these same populations for the moral authority of the world body.

Aneurin Bevan, who recently visited the Middle East, returned to London convinced that some of the aid which the people there need should be canalized through the U.N. He said: "When it comes to them from an individual power, it is tainted by Western imperialism, and that exposes the nation receiving it to the name of a kept nation. I should say the Eisenhower Doctrine is liable to prove disastrous, as it leaves the power of discipline to the United Nations and keeps the sugar for the United States." But here we are, most forgetfully, quoting these "naive" fellows, Nye Bevan and Ernest Gross. . .

Kathleen Lonsdale, the distinguished British scientist and member of the Society of Friends, points out in her eloquent tract *Is Peace Possible?*—published this week as a Penguin Special—that enlightened self-interest is not morality, but morality often leads to the same conclusions by quicker and less painful routes. If belief in this copybook maxim makes one "naive," as appears to be the case today, then we plead guilty to the dreadful charge.

Saboteurs of Policy

Washington

The other day General James A. Van Fleet, former commander of U.N. forces in Korea, was reported to have declared at a press conference: "I hate neutrals as much as I hate the Commies." This is the sort of outburst which could hardly be better designed to defeat the aims of American diplomacy. It is made to order for the engineers of Communist propaganda in

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Moscow and Peking, who are in hot rivalry with us for the friendship of India, Burma, Indonesia, Ceylon, Nepal, Indo-China and the unaligned countries of the Middle East and Africa.

What is the setting in which the hero of Korea so explosively expressed his opinion of the millions of people whose friendship we are courting?

The Soviet Union has been wooing the neutrals ardently—and especially India. Last year Bulganin, Khrushchev and Chou En-lai toured South, Southeast and Central Asia, inducing the heads of neutral governments to return the visits. Meanwhile, to the displeasure of our State Department, India's influence over the unaligned bloc has been growing steadily. It has emerged as the acknowledged leader of the twenty-eight-nation Bandung bloc; its initiative led to the Korean armistice; it was instrumental in effecting the release of thirty-one American civilians from Red Chinese prisons. And more recently, it played an unobstrusive but vital role in assuring the availability of Suez for the maritime nations. For while Nehru supported Nasser on nationalization of the Canal and during the Anglo-French-Israeli attack which followed, he interceded to speed the reopening of the waterway when the Egyptian dictator threatened to balk.

Since the neutrals have become so important to Russia, Moscow must perforce pace its support of Egypt's anti-Westernism to India's. Egypt, in other words, is strong only as long as it has Soviet backing; but Cairo will have Russian support only while India goes along. This lesson of the recent Suez experience appears to have eluded not only General Van Fleet, but also Mr. Dulles, who not long ago declared that neutralism was "immoral." It appears that the Korean hero now joins the Secretary of State as a principal obstacle to the evolution of a successful American foreign policy.

Reenter the Cave Man

Somewhere in this country today armed guards maintain a round-the-clock patrol in the grounds of what until recently was a secluded nursing home. Every day or so a caterer's truck drives up to the gates with a fresh supply of food, which is stored for a while and then thrown away. Other trucks deliver microfilm records for storage in fireproof, heatproof, shockproof files. One corporation is thus preparing for H-day.

If hydrogen bombs were to explode over New York, Detroit and Pittsburgh tomorrow, the public would die but some business would survive. According to a recent story in the *Wall Street Journal*, more than 700 companies, acting under the coordination of the Commerce Department's Business and Defense Services Administration, have taken steps to assure the continuity of their corporate activities. The nursing home is a rendezvous point for such members of that firm's management as can get there after the blast. The same company is storing a duplicate set of microfilm in an underground vault at another distant point, just in case the nursing home is also hit. United States Steel now entrusts its "memory" to an old limestone mine; another large corporation has put supplies of checks in denominations from $25 to $100 at sixteen points—payrolls, these are, for the survivors. Anyone who owns a cave can sell it these days at a good price.

There is something funny about a company worrying how it will meet its payroll if the normal banking facilities are knocked out by a nuclear blast, and you would think some of those farsighted directors might wonder what the employees would do with their checks, supposing they ever showed up to collect them. But it's hard to laugh off the amount of time and money that is being spent by prudent business men on these preparations. The Pacific tests continue, the age of the intercontinental rocket is upon us and brinkmanship is a technique that has caused 700 boards of directors to think of the future in terms of remote nursing homes, caves, abandoned mines, emergency rations and the imperishability of microfilm.

Rivalry in Wheat

Washington

The U.S. farm-surplus program, under which the taxpayer is called upon to subsidize both the American farmer and the foreign buyer of certain commodities, has hurt many nations we are seeking to befriend. When we sell excess cotton to Japan at one-fifth less than the American domestic price, other friendly cotton-exporting countries feel aggrieved. Our surplus-butter sales abroad have damaged the economies of Denmark, Holland and New Zealand. When we unload rice on the international market, we are harming Thailand and Burma.

Our recent decision to sell 500,000 tons of surplus wheat to Poland has now aroused Canada to protest. About 10 per cent of Canada's annual wheat export goes to Russia and Poland—one of the few regions in the world where, until now, our northern neighbor has been spared American subsidized competition. Canada, like the United States, has a wheat surplus; its estimated carry-over as of August 1, this year, will be approximately 600,000,000 bushels. And the Canadian farmer, like his American counterpart, has been having a bumpy journey across the years, as dollar-inflation outstripped the slow rise in wheat prices.

With general elections slated in Canada for June 10, American entry into the East European wheat market came at an inopportune time for Prime Minister St. Laurent, whose agricultural policy is under heavy fire. We refused to cancel our sales to Poland, but we

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did send C. Douglas Dillon, deputy Under-Secretary of State, to Ottawa in answer to Canada's protest. Mr. Dulles promised the Canadians that hereafter they would be consulted before we undertook any large wheat-marketing operations in Eastern Europe; and, on his return to Washington, he drew from the Poles a pledge that for the next few years they would buy their usual amount of wheat from Canada.

Thus U.S.-Canadian tension has been relieved temporarily. But the worried Canadians are talking of adopting our own type of farm-surplus disposal system, a step which would mean cut-throat competition between the two countries.

It Calls for an Oath, All Right

We learn from an unimpeachable source (*The New York Times*, May 7) that the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity of New York City now requires a loyalty oath from any person seeking a permit to fish in the city's reservoirs. As if to assure the skeptical reader that he is reading correctly, the *Times* cites the names of two Communists who have been refused permits. "We absolutely do not want to have any people with subversive connections to be in any way familiar with our installations," the Commissioner of the department has explained. Speaking from an admittedly casual acquaintance with the reservoirs, it is our impression that the only "installations" in them are a handful of moderate-sized dams and pumping stations. And to get close to most of these, you don't need a fishing permit; all you need is a driver's license.

In any case, we have the feeling that the Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity is showing a lamentable paternalistic attitude towards one of his responsibilities at the expense of the other two. What about electricity and gas? In the basement of our apartment house, there is a small vital installation—a battery of fuse boxes serving a half-hundred families—which anyone who hasn't signed a loyalty oath could demolish in ten seconds. And in our kitchen there is an old-fashioned contrivance known as a gas stove which can be turned on—with or without a loyalty oath—and, provided certain minimum precautions have been taken, be made to explode with force enough to shake the Commissioner right out of his Red nightmare.

We agree with the Commissioner that the whole situation calls for an oath—but not necessarily the kind he means.

SIXTH FLEET SAILS EAST . . *by Geoffrey Barraclough*

London

FIRST OF ALL, let it be confessed that, here in London, United States action in Jordan has won unwilling admiration. For the first few days of the Jordan crisis, English observers thought we were in for the dithering which, in English eyes, has marred American handling of the Suez issue. Then Mr. Dulles came down like a ton of bricks. Whatever reservations one may have about the mess a ton of bricks will make, and the tidying up afterwards, it is always an impressive performance. We cast our minds back to the ignominious dismissal of Glubb a year ago, and thought: "Dulles steps in where Eden feared to tread." What intrepidity, what resolution, and above all else what lack of inhibitions! Instead of Glubb and sixty officers, the Sixth Fleet with its atomic artillery, and American marines in the streets of Beirut; instead of a discreet "subsidy," a prompt hand-out of $10 million as a first token of the sums which would flow so readily at Hussein's asking.

But above all else what lack of inhibitions! How quickly, once the test came, the professions of sympathy for Arab nationalism and liberalism were buried, how easy it proved to write them off as tools of communism, with what consummate unconcern the United States found itself underpinning a full-blooded dictatorship enforced, as Hitler's dictatorship had been, by a regime of long knives, wielded in this case not by Nazi thugs but by 4,000 Bedouins! We in England, schooled by generations of cautious diplomacy to regard the Middle East as political dynamite, where one step in any direction will set off hostile explosions in at least one other, have learned to hedge, to put a modest bet on every horse in the Middle East stakes, but never to wager our shirt on even the most fiery charger. It isn't that we are unable to think in terms of cutting the Gordian knot—Suez proves that—but (here Suez was the exception) we have been taught to think first of all of the loose ends that will be left. And now along comes Mr. Dulles with a big pair of scissors and cuts right through. As I said at the beginning, we cannot withhold admiration, however much we try. We still express cautious doubts—what will happen when martial law is lifted, as sooner or later it must be? what will happen when the Sixth Fleet is withdrawn?—but our inmost feeling is that "Dulles has got away with it." We report with characteristic European *Schadenfreude* every rumor indicating that trouble is only beginning; but in our bones we know that

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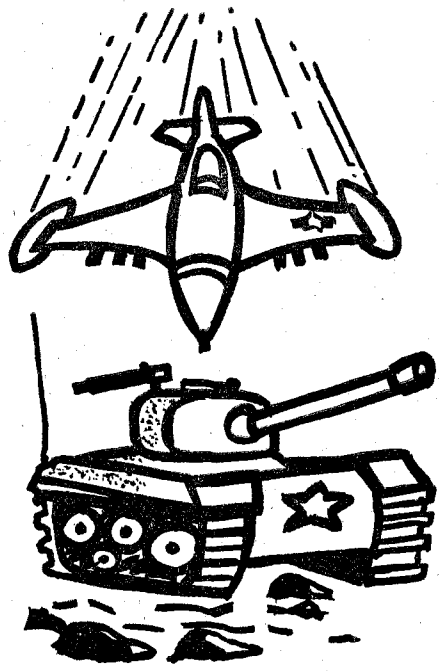
Hussein won't so easily be displaced. We think the Russians are crying wolf, but we don't think they will act; in fact, we suspect that they also, at heart, are impressed by American intrepidity, and maybe that they will be more inclined to talk business after this demonstration of force than they would have been without it. Jordan, we are pretty sure, has been saved for Western civilization by Bedouin knives and the Sixth Fleet and a strong shot of dollars into the decrepit arteries.

Where, nevertheless, do we go from here? After all, the Sixth Fleet is not going to settle down in Asia Minor, like a Roman Legion, intermarrying with the local population and living off the land. Even if, all in all, dollars and machine guns ought to be able to keep Hussein on his wobbly throne, the problem of "afterwards" is real; but only an Eastern soothsayer would venture to predict where Jordan will be in twelve months' time (if it is still on the map); and the considerations we should have in mind at the present juncture are far wider than the immediate Jordanian context. Because American policy is a global policy, what is done at any single point must be evaluated by its effects all along the line. It is from this point of view that we have to examine the events in Jordan. It is an elementary principle of strategy that a local success may be won at too great a cost if its effect is to weaken the whole position or to deflect the grand lines of strategic planning, or even if it is a victory which leads to nothing further. The Middle East is only one of the fronts on which American global strategy is engaged; Jordan is only one point in the Middle Eastern front, and we may even doubt whether it is a decisive point. It is not an oil-producing country; it is not a part of, or essential to, the "northern tier" of defense against communism; while, on the other hand, it is an artificial state, chronically in deficit, which has never been able to exist without subsidies and military aid. It is impossible to resist the conclusion that it has become a focal-point in world politics not because of its intrinsic importance, but because it chanced to be the first center of internal unrest after the Suez crisis had pitchforked the United States into the Middle East, and that the internal unrest was simply the result of its inherent weakness and instability. And if that is the history of American involvement, it would follow that, far from the State Department imposing a pattern on events, events are leading it by the nose.



IT IS NOT, however, simply that events are leading the State Department by the nose but that, placed in a wider context, they are leading it in the wrong direction. First of all there is the Western Pacific sphere, where the immediate national interests of the United States are certainly far more directly involved than in the Middle East. Here, beyond all doubt, the immediate problem facing the State Department is to work out a new relationship with Japan, which has given clear notice that it is not willing to remain in American leading-strings indefinitely, and for which it is a matter of life and death to build up its connections with Asia and, above all, with mainland China. The effects of the intervention in Jordan on Japan need no elaboration. Japan reestablished diplomatic relations with Soviet Russia last December; in Jordan, Nabulsi has been thrown out because he proposed to follow suit. Now, in effect, Japan has received notification that no nation in the Western net, particularly if it lies anywhere near the exposed perimeter, is to be allowed to escape, and that any Japanese attempt in its own legitimate national interests to relax tension with Communist China will invite intervention to the point, if necessary, of supporting the extreme right-wing crypto-Fascist groups which still exist in Japan, as they do in Jordan. American support for an unrepresentative government, ruling by openly dictatorial means, has indeed wider connotations. What is Mr. Dulles to say about Russian intervention in Hungary, if the United States is using its own forces to impose a no less unpopular dictatorial regime in Jordan? With what show of reason can America in the same breath insist that Jordan remain in the Western camp and demand that Hungary and Poland and other countries behind the iron curtain should be free to follow a policy of non-commitment? No doubt the pot will go on calling the kettle black; but the rest of the world will draw its own conclusions.

THE FIRST conclusion is that the present political contours, which when they came into existence a decade ago seemed grotesquely unacceptable, have in the American view come to stay. At no cost must any defection, however insignificant, be permitted—though in the case of Jordan what Amman intended was not defection from the Western into the Communist camp, but only a move into the limbo of the noncommitted. The fact will not be lost on the Germans, who cannot but see, in the new rigidity of American policy, an end to their hopes of reunification; for if the United States cannot afford to allow little Jordan to go its own way, how can it afford to relax its grip on the Federal Republic? Everywhere, from the Western Pacific to Europe, if it keeps to the Jordan pattern, America will be surrounded by unwilling satellites, many of them ruled by small unrepresentative minorities dependent on American arms and American dollars, who resentfully see what

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they consider to be their national interests subordinated to American policy. The interests will differ—in Japan they are essentially economic, in Germany the problem is reunification, in the Mideast it is the desire to be rid of repulsively barbarous regimes such as those of Saud and Hussein—but the resentment will be general.

We should not burke the fact that the new Dulles-Eisenhower policy is likely to be effective at first. Metternich bottled up European nationalism for thirty years, and the top only blew off (and Metternich with it) in 1848. Nowadays the tempo is quicker; but Mr. Dulles may bottle up Middle East nationalism for some years yet, though the explosion, when it comes, is likely to be more formidable. The question is whether this policy is really in American interest. When Metternich appointed himself the policeman of Europe, the gains for the Hapsburg Empire were not spectacular. What benefit does the United States expect to gain from Mr. Dulles setting himself up as the policeman of the Middle East? If there were any evidence that Soviet Russia is waiting to pounce, the position might be different. But the consensus of informed opinion—despite statements to the contrary by King Hussein and President Eisenhower—is that communism was not the issue in Jordan, though a more detached and neutral position between the Communist and non-Communist worlds was. On the other hand, no one supposes that regimes like those of King Hussein and King Saud are going to last indefinitely—not because of the pressure of communism, but because of the pressure of Westernization. Here, indeed, is the fundamental predicament of the United States in the Middle East. On the one hand, there is the State Department shearing up reactionary monarchies; on the other hand, industrialization for which American capital is largely responsible, is sapping their foundations. In Jordan itself, as everyone knows, the crisis has come about through the impact of the more Westernized Palestinian Arabs on primitive, tribal Transjordania. What is incongruous is to find the United States throwing in its lot with the tribesmen.

Incongruous and—we must use the word—ominous. Mr. Dulles has shown most of the chameleon-like qualities the historians of the nineteenth century associate with Czar Alexander I. Like Czar Alexander, he has flirted with liberalism and indulged in the sort of high-flown moral platitudes which Alexander's English contemporaries described as "mysticism and nonsense." But like Alexander, as the heady sentiments evaporated under the impact of cold realities, he is settling down to a line of frank reaction. However little faith one may have in historical analogies, it is hard not to see a parallel with the reactionary epoch following the Napoleonic wars, when every change, no matter how salutary, was condemned as a reversion to revolutionary Jacobinism, and when Metternich had an unimpeachable moral platitude to cover every form of repression. The trouble is that we know that Metternich was fighting a losing battle; that the early industrial revolution, bringing inexorable social change, was eating away at the foundations of Metternich's system; that armed intervention everywhere, and a network of secret police fighting "subversion," in the end availed him nothing. In the end; but it was singularly unpleasant while it lasted, and it begins to look as though the world is in for an unpleasant period now, unless American policy takes warning.

Unfortunately nothing succeeds like success; and a series of successful *coups* such as that in Jordan, for the very reason that they command a half-grudging admiration, cannot fail to produce a hardening of policy which makes it more difficult to halt and review their long-term consequences. That process, the evidence indicates, is already beginning; but the stakes today are bigger. If Mr. Dulles' system waits to be overtaken by the dialectic of events, the upheaval following the collapse of Metternich's system in mid-nineteenth century Europe will be nothing to the catastrophe that will ensue, on a global plane, for our twentieth-century world.

THE U.N.: A Partisan View . . *by James Avery Joyce*

EVERYBODY knows that the United Nations, which moved into its second decade with the recent Eleventh General Assembly, is not the same organization which emerged from the San Francisco conference in 1945. But not everybody knows just how big—psychologically, as well as physically—it has become, or just how much and how quickly it has changed some of the people who have found themselves involved in it.

Three Big Powers and a little power threw themselves headlong and simultaneously at it in October, 1956, and, by March, 1957, had come off worse for the encounter, leaving the U.N. not only stronger and bigger, but with a couple of new assets—a Peace Army and a sort of World Prime Minister—which it did not have before. It will clearly take some time for the resultant shock to be assimilated in some of the Foreign Offices, not to mention

JAMES AVERY JOYCE, a British barrister, who has twice run for Parliament as Labor Party candidate, has been on the staff of the I.L.O. in Geneva and an adviser at the U.N. Economic and Social Council. His new book, UN: Revolution on East River, *was published in New York in January.*

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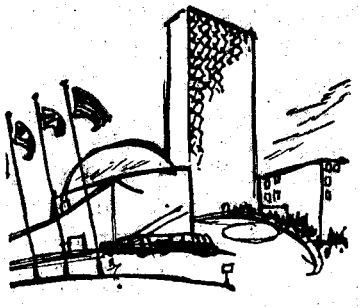
the editorial offices, which were not ready for what actually happened. But it is the purpose of this article (which can be said to have been literally written on the ground floor of the recent session) to take some measure of the transformation of the U.N. from an intensely interesting diplomatic tea-party to something which begins to take on the shape of a world parliament.

Let it be admitted, at the outset, that this last assertion may sound a little surprising—if not grossly exaggerated—to the unfortunate reader who has been forced to rely on the current press and radio carnage of what has actually taken place behind the translucent facades on East River during the last few months; for the glass is so constructed that it is much easier to see out than to see in.

Never in its history has so much been written by so many about the U.N.; never have so many columnists and commentators competed to beguile the public with what *they* wanted the man in the street outside to believe was going on under the famous fluted dome. The real trouble has not been in the multiplication of words, but in the gradual disappearance of the U.N. debate under a mounting mud-bank of propaganda. So much so that, towards the end of the session some delegates (and not for the first time) were proposing from the tribune that the Assembly should be removed from New York altogether.

INSIDE THIS crisis Assembly, the meticulous details of the inconvenient truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, were spelled out day by day, hour by hour, almost round the clock, with nothing hid, painstakingly and patiently, restrained by nothing but the rules of parliamentary procedure and the natural courtesy which men of education and breeding display towards each other when shut up together (with or without floodlights and cameras to assist them) until they have produced an agreement. But, as soon as one stepped across First Avenue, towards Times Square, it felt like stepping suddenly from civilization into the jungle. Nor was such a feeling unwarranted, for, while the rule of law, enshrined in the organization's Charter, held the Assembly visibly together and brought it at last to its "Day of Glory" (in Senor Belaunde's final dramatic phrase) on March 4, the law of the jungle was getting all the votes outside. Hence, the general public at home and abroad was not prepared for some of the surprises which emerged towards the end of the Assembly. For example, Eisenhower's clear-cut broadcast, followed by his several written appeals in similarly unambiguous terms, didn't seem to "fit" into what ordinary people had been told. But, inside the Assembly, the U.S. President's position was so much part



of the structure of global thinking and mutual agreement, that African, Asian, Latin-American and European (with the sole exception of France) followed each other to the tribune for three successive days—without even a whimper from the Soviet bloc—to praise the man who has unquestionably done more than any other American, during these months of cruel trial, to vindicate the rule of law in world affairs. The Assembly, as we shall go on to show, is always quick to recognize the genuine article.

Now that the United Nations has decisively won its unflagging battle for the "immediate, complete, and unconditional withdrawal" of all the aggressors as an *essential prelude* to a permanent Arab-Israeli peace settlement, the U.N. undercover detractors and calumniators will, of course, speedily supply the many reasons why the unexpected happened—all except the reason which matters to the human race, namely, that the United Nations has grown up a good deal faster than *they* have.

Let us now take a swift backward glance at what actually happened to the three Suez partners. Brushing the Charter aside, the British, French and Israeli governments, activated by one of the strangest coincidences of history, bent their concerted energies to the dual end of "stopping Nasser" (to use the current vernacular) and internationalizing the Suez Canal. Within a matter of days, they had stopped the Canal and internationalized Nasser.

If the recent General Assembly session showed one result above all others, it was the sudden ascendancy of the Egyptian delegation, buttressed by the whole Arab, African and Asian group and, towards the end of the session, by most of the Latin Americans as well—comprising three-quarters of the Assembly—and the public humiliation of the three nations. The culminating vote of seventy-four against the two remaining malingerers, France and Israel, on January 19, reached an all-time U.N. record, after Britain had belatedly switched to the side of world law and joined "We the Peoples" in telling her former accomplice to get back behind the Arab-Israel Armistice lines.

Where France stands nowadays as a Big Power, nobody quite knows, as Algeria is still a national rallying point of popular loyalty and indignation. The "mobilization of shame," which worked so effectively against the British, has not yet had time to penetrate to the French capital. But it will. No one doubts that, when Algeria takes her inevitable place along the line of emancipated North African republics, the price which the French people will have to pay for the Suez *malfaisance* will never put De Lesseps back on his pedestal again.

But who would have imagined, six months ago, that the U.N. Assembly could get rid of a British prime minister in full career, who had flouted its authority? That is what happened. Sir Anthony's temporary illness was more to be endured than the outraged voice of millions of Englishmen who paraded all week and packed the biggest halls with *"Law Not War"* on their ban-

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ners. It is disingenuous of some Americans, who never put their heads inside the U.N. debates, to imagine that the resident of the White House or the Texas oil barons held secret strings in their hands tied to Downing Street or that it was the newspaper rumors of what the Russians were supposed to be hatching which toppled Sir Anthony from the pinnacle of a life-long practice of foreign affairs. The two fundamentally important open secrets of the Atomic Age that Sir Anthony Eden had not discovered were that all foreign affairs had now become domestic affairs and that the fragile Conference of Foreign Ministers, with which his career had started in League of Nations days, had grown into a working world-scale semblance to the House of Commons, with a life and character of its own. And the commoners were no longer the Big Powers, the "haves"—but the small powers—the "have-nots."

Nor did the United States "leadership" (that hackneyed and obsolete word!) have that direct impact on the Assembly's early decisions which the American press liked to convince its public it had shared so embarrassingly, in this case, with the Soviet Union. The "leadership" came, as insiders knew at the time, from Canada and India, closely flanked by so many other middle and smaller powers. The demise of Big Power "leadership" is one of the stark-staring facts about the new U.N. which our old-world nationalists just won't see. Likewise, the myth—so sedulously cultivated by some journalists who ought to know better—that the Assembly votes by "blocs" (except, of course, the Communist states) was exploded once and for all. The Assembly voting on practically all the vital Suez questions could more aptly be likened to a stampede—a stampede, if you like, away from the H-bomb—sweeping the Americans and Russians along with it. For the most part, in resolution after resolution, there never was a doubt as to what was the "right" thing to do, what was the "U.N." thing to do. Never has an Assembly been so nearly united on so many differing and crucial issues as the Eleventh Assembly, as the records clearly demonstrate. The almost uncanny and spontaneous unanimity of those three score or more speeches and votes on the Suez aggressions took one's mind back to some prophetic words of General Carlos P. Romulo, spoken at the Tenth Assembly, which seemed rhetorically farfetched at that time, but which, within a year, had become contemporary history:

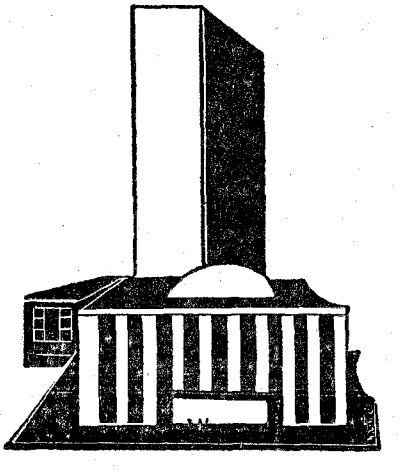
> The United Nations has its mandate only nominally through the actions of governments . . . It derives its total strength not from the discussions on this floor, but from the determination of the world's peoples to keep it alive.

The cynic, at this point, will produce his trump card—the final, unarguable last word to damn any attempt to cultivate the forward look in world affairs, when it appears that right is about to triumph and humanity stands a chance of survival: *Russia!* What about the U.N.'s truckling to Russia over the Hungarian tragedy? In putting Britain, France and Israel through the mill, the Assembly was dealing with civilized, normally law-abiding nations; people who, even in their worst moments, have a feeling for parliamentary procedure and really want to keep the rules. But the Kremlin—what price your budding world parliament when totalitarians occupy nine of the front seats?

HERE WE pause a moment to examine one of the cleverest triplines yet devised by the split-worlders to impede U.N. action, when it appeared that the Assembly was about to act as a universal, almost sovereign, body on behalf of "We the Peoples." This trick of dialectics, which spread like wildfire across the matted backwoods of the daily press and the tangled undergrowth of the radio networks, was called: "double standard of morality." Russia's savage and unlawful onslaught on the people of Budapest was evil enough; but that this tragic episode—to which was tacked on a few weeks later the altogether dissimilar treatment of Kashmir by India—should have been exploited to undermine and discredit the U.N.'s undoubted authority in the Arab-Israeli dispute, is a reminder that Satan himself can appear as an Angel of Light. Supporters of the Knowland doctrine were really insisting that the "good boys" should be encouraged to go wrong until the "bad boys" had reformed. This was, indeed, a strange mode of treatment for international delinquency, namely, that the rule of law was not to be applied in world affairs by the democratic powers (who based their domestic systems on it) until the Russians (who rejected it for domestic purposes) have set the example to the rest of the world.

Fortunately, the U.N. Assembly, recognizing the "double standard" device for what it was—a deliberate heating up of the cold war when the Middle East was already about to erupt into an earth-wide conflagration—held fast to the principles of the Charter and proved, once again, that it was not to be fooled by platitudes. Obviously, the turbulent and interminable debates on what was happening in Hungary, coming into the thick of the Suez crisis, cannot be dismissed in one or two brief paragraphs. But three factors of crucial relevance emerged during those hectic sessions which it would be well to ponder, for they contain germs both of present guidance and future hope.

First, the treatment of their Charter obligations by the three "civilized" powers gave the green light to Russia's aggressions and, by straining the Assembly's timetable and machinery to the utmost, tended to block swift and resolute action. So the Assembly never had a



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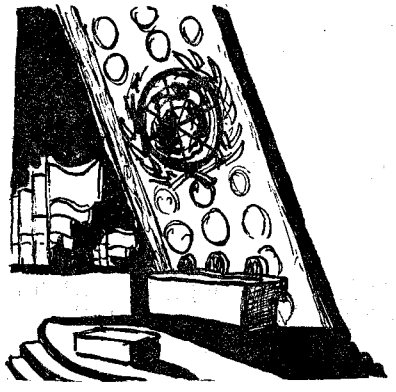
clear run on the Hungarian issue, thanks to its preoccupation with the delinquency of the three Western powers. That should stop some critics, at least, from condemning the U.N. for not moving in two different directions at the same moment.

Second, in spite of the repeated tactical errors of the anti-Communist forces in drafting resolutions so as



to hit Russia rather than help Hungary—thus making it more difficult for the large sympathetic group of neutralists to come in wholeheartedly on every point—the overwhelming solidarity of the Assembly once more, on all *essential* points, when the arguments and voting are scrutinized, can leave no doubt that Russia suffered an irreparable setback, thanks to this basically united abhorrence of Russia's actions at the very moment when Russia seemed to be steadily gaining the moral support of the uncommitted peoples in virtue of the Suez crisis. Moreover, because the U.N. had provided a firm common ground of protest, quite apart from what separate governments were saying, Russia lost at one blow all the prestige and influence in the Assembly she had undoubtedly built up since Stalin's death. Subsequent developments in the satellites have shown that Russia is not anxious to take on the whole U.N. again.

Third, the Suez and Hungarian incidents were not comparable. They plainly involved historical and geographical factors of an entirely different character which the anti-U.N. press and politicians kept under the counter in selling the public the "double standard" line. It could not honestly be expected that *any* modern government would concede the national sovereignty demanded, in the heat of the moment, by outraged and hostile governments who, for ten long years, had themselves never been willing to concede their own sovereignty to the U.N., and allow political "observers" within its frontiers. It is all the more significant therefore, that, without advertisement or even prior debate, Dag Hammarskjold should have slipped four of his most trusted and competent advisers into Budapest, by a side door, a few days after the Hungarians had slammed the front door on the Assembly. This triumph of Hammarskjold's "quiet diplomacy" hardly received a mention in the editorials. Hammarskjold's four wise men did more to put Humpty-Dumpty together again, and prepare the ground for the long-term rehabilitation of the Hungarian people who remain, than all the preaching in the Assembly hall. This approach, when all is said and done, is just the approach laid down by the Charter itself. It was the cold-war technique which lost out over the Hungarian episode, not the U.N.

WHAT some people do not yet grasp is that the United Nations is not a self-regulating mechanism dropped down from heaven, created and equipped by super-beings, to save mankind from the immaturities of their political leaders here on earth; it is an amalgam of their national policies and, sometimes, personal ambitions. In fact, the very critics who want the U.N. to act as a *Deus ex machina,* whenever it suits their particular political interests, are among the last to accord it the sovereign powers or independent funds it needs for its most elementary tasks. This is double morality, indeed!

Fortunately, however, because the basic interests of mankind are becoming more and more global and less and less national, the U.N. is steadily throwing up new patterns of thought and behavior which do not fit into any of the accepted nationalistic categories. In fact, the present Secretary-General—who is one of the advanced constitutional thinkers of our age—went straight to the point when he spoke in 1955 to the Indian Council of World Affairs:

> Ideology—the word is a little dangerous, especially when we come to a body now composed of seventy-six member states, representing all shades of ideas, philosophies and religions. But, all the same, I feel that there is something that might be called United Nations ideology, a United Nations ideology which is very much alive for everybody who is working in and for the organization.

It is this little-understood "ideology," binding together the curiously unique and ever-growing structure which surmounts the East River, which is transforming men as well as laws.

THIS STARTLINGLY alive body has thrown up definite standards and requirements of its own. It recognizes really great men for what they are—irrespective of their political prejudices, color of skin, personal wealth, or in what language they address the Assembly. In fact, by 1956, the Assembly had definitely come to acknowledge a limited range of "leadership," that is to say, a leadership whose ideology approximated that of the U.N.'s own. Its tests and standards are high ones, and they grow higher with each Assembly. At least a dozen well-known Assembly "names" spring to mind—covering as many different countries—names which, for the most part, receive only a casual mention in the American press and would probably not even be identified by the big majority of the legislators in Washington—or in London or Paris, for that matter.

Here at the U.N., the new delegate meets an unexpected phenomenon which, on the world level, has big favors to offer in personal respect and prestige. But he also soon learns that the Assembly has acquired the disconcerting habit of cutting down small men—small, that is, by U.N. standards—to their appropriate size. No "outsider" could walk in and tell the Assembly that it didn't really matter. No novitiate could bully or barnstorm this kind of gathering, or treat the "neu-

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trals" therein—representing half the human race—as if they didn't count. Outside, the U.N. could be slandered, derided and misrepresented; inside, it has to be respected. Why is this?

The studied courtesy and orderliness, the sense of personal dignity and the mutual give-and-take which prevails in even the smallest subcommittee, operating within this extraordinary model of global democracy, impress the sensitive delegate at every turn. While he cannot but note his own insignificance—having, at best, only a tiny assignment on so immense an agenda—he cannot but feel elevated and even flattered that he should have been selected by his government to assist in making world history on this level. Everyone here is a "distinguished" delegate. The adjective, once a matter of form, has become of the very substance of the Assembly. He is treated by his fellow-delegates as a person of intrinsic importance, or he wouldn't be here at all. If he comes from a small or remote country, *this* is the experience of a lifetime.

THUS, the U.N. has its own way of making small men out of big men and big men out of small men. And it has been assisted in this process by the tendency—all too obvious at the recent Assembly—for the Big Powers to assign second-raters to speak for them, while the small and middle powers send their outstanding statesmen and intellectual elite to treat the U.N. Assembly as though it did approximate a world parliament. Little wonder, therefore, that the initiative in world-based policy is visibly passing from the Big Powers. In disarmament, atomic energy, economic development, trusteeship and on a score of other constructive items, it has been the small and middle powers who are pressing on and the Big Powers who are holding back. The one hope for the Big Powers is to send men to the U.N. who know what it is all about and who can put the building of world democracy before the building of a political career.

In short, an entirely new pattern is arising on the East River which is making some of Dr. Toynbee's boldest prophesies look like current history. How much longer shall we be content to acquiesce in an obsolete military "leadership" which, in face of the crushing debacle which humbled and discredited three Big Powers in Suez and Hungary and rolled back the Chariots of Zion, *still* insists on foisting Copernican doctrines on an Einsteinian universe? It was Einstein himself who said: "Peace cannot be kept by force; it can only be achieved by understanding."

These words convey precisely the lesson of the U.N. Eleventh Assembly from beginning to end. But will the Big Powers learn it in time?

SHALE-OIL SHELL GAME . . *by Roscoe Fleming*

Denver, Colorado

OUT OF THE current Congressional investigation of oil-industry practices, a demand has arisen for banning the huge imports of foreign oil into this country. The ostensible reason for the demand is that American oil companies with oil fields abroad enjoy a considerable advantage over purely domestic companies in producing fuel for the American market. It was revealed, for instance, that U.S.-owned Aramco, exploiter of the fabulously rich Saudi Arabian fields, pays no taxes to the United States.

The ostensible reason is unquestionably also a valid one for doing something about Aramco and other companies in a similar position. But there is more to the matter than this. It is not through accident that among the opponents of continued high oil imports are Senators O'Mahoney of Wyoming and Carroll of Colorado. Both states have enormous oil-shale resources which today remain undeveloped because of the power of the oil-industry lobby.

Just after World War II began, while Hitler's submarines were sinking ships within sight of our shores and the glare of burning tankers lighted up the windows of Miami, the government began a crash program to find ways of making liquid fuels out of our enormous coal and Western oil-shale deposits. The shale alone is now estimated to contain more than a trillion barrels of oil underlying about 1,500 square miles—some twenty times as much as the United States has used in all its history. Just the richest shales—those considered more immediately exploitable—contain more than 100 billion barrels, or some five times our present estimated petroleum reserve.

When the war emergency had passed, the oil industry, not prepared to brook this potential competition, began a persistent campaign to close down the program. It succeeded first with the coal-hydrogenization plant in Missouri, which had cost taxpayers $50 millions; immediately upon coming into office as Secretary of the Interior, Douglas McKay leased the plant for a song to private industry—and *not* for coal hydrogenization.

The oil lobby found the government's oil-shale research project in the cliffs of the Navy's reserve near Rifle, Colorado, harder to strangle. The Bureau of Mines, which operated it, had advanced cheap, huge-scale mining to the point where crushed shale could be brought to the retort at less than 50 cents a ton, and had made equally important progress in retorting the shale (as the process of producing the crude oil from the crushed rock is called).

ROSCOE FLEMING, co-author of Sun, Sea and Sky, *writes extensively on conservation problems and the development of the West.*

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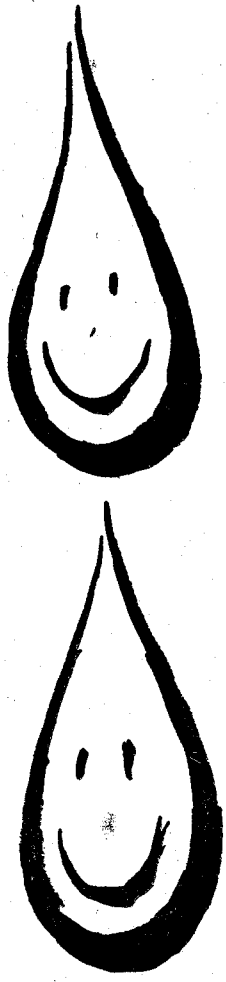
Estimates of the cost of producing gasoline from shale varied somewhat, but experts generally agreed that it could now be made at only a few cents more per gallon than from petroleum. In any case, the margin was too close for comfort for the oil industry. Mr. McKay, a master in the practice of commissioning the coyotes to look after the sheep, asked a committee from the oil industry to advise him what to do with the Rifle enterprise; not unexpectedly, the committee recommended that it be closed down. Mr. McKay wholeheartedly agreed. Congress proved harder to convince, but only slightly so; after all, its leaders in both House and Senate are good and faithful members of what I call the B.O.P., or Bipartisan Oil Party (more powerful in oil matters than the two major parties). The Rifle project was first virtually wrecked through reduced appropriations, necessitating dismissal of most of the research staff. Finally, on June 30 last year, it was formally closed down and put on a standby basis.

THUS THE inauguration of a successful U.S. oil-shale industry was put almost as far away as it was when Hitler's submarines brought on the crash program; and the United States, and to a large extent the Western world, again were made dependent for fuel on slender lifelines from beyond the seas. Scarcely four months later, the closing of the Suez Canal brought the lesson resoundingly home. Western Europe passed a miserable, fuel-short winter, and in this country public attention focussed to some extent, but not enough, upon the dereliction of the Eisenhower Administration in the developing of our domestic fuel resources.

As part of the game, the oil-industry advisers had solemnly assured Mr. McKay that the industry was ready to take over where Rifle had left off. Indeed it is not! The largest oil companies in the United States are among those which long ago acquired blocks of the richest oil-shale country in Western Colorado (the richest had all passed into private ownership by the time the government had reserved the rest under the Mineral Leasing Act of 1920). But the only company that has so far made a move in the direction of development is medium-sized Union Oil of California. A new-type retorting plant built by this company near Grand Valley, Colorado, at a cost of $5 millions, will be dedicated next week. Union Oil owns approximately 40,000 acres underlaid by about five billion barrels of shale-oil in the richest, or "mahogany ledge," stratum alone.

The retort is already in test production, and indications are that the company's approach will be successful. It still faces, however, the problem of refining and transporting the oil. From the refiner's point of view, the organic content of shale, called "kerogen," resembles an atrociously low-grade crude. Union Oil is accustomed to refining low-grade California crudes, but this does not help much with the shale product. In water-short Western Colorado, both government and private researchers have learned how to retort shale without using water, but so far a waterless *refining* technique is beyond them. Yet some degree of refining must be done on the spot, for the crude is as viscous as jelly at ordinary temperatures; it won't flow through pipelines unless heated to nearly 100 degrees, which is clearly impractical. Had the oil industry not succeeded in stopping government research, some of these problems might already have been solved.



A second research enterprise by private industry, involving the retort process only, is the $250,000 project of the Oil Shale Corporation of California, to develop the revolutionary Aspeco retorting technique patented in Sweden. In this process the crushed shale is tumbled in a steel cylinder with ceramic balls heated to 1,000 degrees. The oil-shale comes off as vapor, and the spent shale, which still contains considerable carbon, is burned to preheat the balls. A pilot retort has been built at the Denver Research Institute of the University of Denver, under direction of Drs. Shirley Johnson and Charles Prien. The technique seems so far to promise success.

Dr. C. W. Schroeder of the University of Maryland has estimated that the curve of rising costs of petroleum production will meet the descending curve of shale-oil production costs in the early 1960s, and that a commercial shale industry may then begin. At the present pace of research, however, it is questionable if private industry will be able to confirm Dr. Schroeder as a prophet.

This was the situation as Westerners in Congress began their maneuvering to establish a shale-oil industry. The production of two million barrels daily, it is estimated, would require 100,000 workers, which means—when families are reckoned—the addition of several hundred thousand people to the area's population. It is also anticipated that the industry would turn some of Western Colorado's lovely pine-clad hills and valleys into a smoke-filled American Ruhr. Eugene C. Ayres once estimated that complete conversion of the oil-shales would produce enough ashes to cover all of Colorado six feet deep. But this is the

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stuff of which Chamber of Commerce dreams are made.

One way of hastening shale-oil development would be to extend to shale operators the 27.5 per cent "depletion allowance" from income taxes now enjoyed by the oil industry; or conversely, to eliminate the allowance altogether. Shale generally operates with a 5 per cent allowance; under some interpretations of the law, it could get 15 per cent. Even so, the difference is considerable; equalization would greatly reduce the cost advantage which now accrues to the oil industry. The governors of eleven Western states, meeting recently at San Francisco, were too oil-industry-minded to suggest cutting the latter's immense depletion advantage (estimated at more than $1.5 billions yearly), but they did suggest to Congress, upon motion of Colorado's young governor Stephen L. R. McNichols, that the privilege be extended to shale-oil producers. The oil industry is not likely to allow this.

The Congressional delegations of Colorado, Wyoming and Utah (the last is also underlaid by part of the shale deposit), would like to force resumption of the government's research program. The idle works at Rifle have been turned over to the Navy and are ready to resume the moment money is appropriated and a staff can be recruited. (Some research, incidentally, has been continued by the Bureau of Mines at its Laramie, Wyoming, laboratory.) But the Congressmen are realistic-minded enough to know that the oil industry, powerful enough to have wrecked the government program once, is quite likely to prove powerful enough to thwart any attempt to resume it.

David Cort

The Bigger They Are the Harder They Bawl

A MAGNIFICENT free course in magazine publishing has been running for the past three months in full-page newspaper ads (in New York, chiefly in the *Times* and *Herald Tribune*). It described, at something under $3,000 a page, how great America's big magazines are. Most of it was addressed to advertisers, not to you. Nevertheless, it will be a public service to capture this splendid panorama of the present moment in magazine publishing by synopsizing the major theme of each ad as it appeared day by day.

McCall's, Feb. 19: "Togetherness" for 5,000,000 women.

Time, Feb. 21: "I know, I ken, I can." *Time* knows and hence can.

Life, Feb. 25: Picture of baby and pony. "Priceless. Warm. Human. Advertisements that make a lasting impression." 5,740,000 circulation.

Good Housekeeping, Feb. 25: "Picture of health"—over 4,000,000 circulation.

Time, Feb. 26: Hey, advertisers, *Time* readers buy anything.

Saturday Evening Post, Feb. 26: "News brought *into focus*." 5,100,000.

McCall's, Feb. 27: Sequel to "The Day Lincoln Was Shot"—"The Day Christ Died." "Tumultuous action, doomed Roman empire, tragic interplay, destined conclusion . . . you are there." (Better than Lincoln.)

S.E.P., Feb. 27: 5,200,000. Leads at newsstands. Best-read.

Parade, March 4: Man with high-waisted pants—"too much coverage above the waste line"—attack on a competitor.

Ladies' Home Journal, March 4: "Women have a world of their own." 5,600,000.

Life, March 4: "The deeper meaning." 5,740,000. "Advertisements that make a deep and lasting impression."

S.E.P., March 5: "Doesn't rush mere facts, photos into print. Really big stories—Is Don Newcombe a quitter?"

Newsweek, March 6: "Continuing Study of Capital Appropriations. For management, and com-mu-ni-ca-tive people."

Coronet, March 6: New invention —"triple-action ad" (also issued as a throwaway).

Time, March 7: Baby climbing bookcase. "The need to know. *Time* readers are a product of natural selection." (They don't fall off the bookcase?)

Newsweek, March 11: For people who can spell com-mu-ni-ca-tive. 1,100,000. Tops in 50 biggest corporate ad campaigns.

Life, March 11: Jolly man and dog. "Jolly. Advertisements that make a deep and lasting impression." 5,800,000.

McCall's, March 12: Ad revenue up 27.8 per cent.

Ladies' Home Journal, March 13: "Gentlemen, what's in the *Journal* is none of your business: . . . Has 'hers' stitched right on it." 5,600,000.

Pageant, March 13: "H-bomb hits St. Louis and doesn't go off." Tough fighters, good lobsters, Appassionata von Climax, naked girls. Yippee. 98 per cent newsstand sales.

McCall's, March 14: Same as March 12.

Good Housekeeping, March 19: Skip this lesson—dull.

Ladies' Home Journal, March 20: Advertisers got 7,044,302 bonus ladies (divided by twelve).

Time, March 20: "Baffled, but resolved to know."

Life, March 21: 6,000,000 soon.

Look, March 26: *Look* likes peo-

HOLIDAY

is up 18.4% in ad pages,

28.7% in ad revenue

for the first half of '57!

Adv. in New York Times

DAVID CORT, former Time-Life *editor, and author of* The Big Picture *and* The Calm Man, *is a frequent contributor.*

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BIGGEST 1ST QUARTER IN LOOK HISTORY

Adv. in New York Times

ple. Looks like more people: 5,000,000.

This Week, March 26: "For a super era a super magazine." 12,000,000. Thirty-seven newspapers.

Newsweek, March 27: Still spelling com-mu-ni-ca-tive.

Reader's Digest, March 28: "R.D. readers own forty-two per cent of dishwashers. Over half are women." 11,000,000.

Ladies' Home Journal, April 1: Still a woman's world. 5,600,000.

Time, April 3: Atoms? *Time* doesn't know, but knows ABOUT.

McCall's, April 3: The most, the most, the most. Ever!

And so on.

This sequence looks at first like a poker game, with bets being called and raised on circulations, the pot being of course advertising budgets. The actual situation is that four magazines have newly arrived in the 5,000,000-class. *Look* did it by paying a million dollars for defunct *Colliers* circulation. *McCall's* and, in part, *Ladies' Home Journal*, did it by splitting about two million *Woman's Home Companion* (also defunct) paid-up subscriptions, after weeding out duplications. The *Post* just got there. Meanwhile, *Good Housekeeping* keeps murmuring reproachfully that "Healthy, natural growth is better."

If *Look* can hold on to the *Colliers* readers, it will really bother *Life*. If the two big women's magazines can hold theirs, they will win back some ground from TV advertising. The *Post* is claiming the more intelligent readers, *Life* the warm-hearted ones. (Readers tend to grow more simple and warm-hearted as they grow more numerous.)

But these full-page ads are not really waging a small, internecine war among the magazines (though this must be returned to). The real enemy in the wars of the Guelphs and Ghibellines is TV.

These two ghoulish capital letters have struck a terror into magazine publishers that seems almost insensate. TV's actual share of advertising revenue has become a nightmarish question. Using exactly the same figures (always excluding enormous TV discounts to advertisers), very different results are published. One has TV getting 15 per cent of all revenue, magazines 9 per cent. Another has TV and radio getting 25 per cent of revenue, all magazines an approximately equal amount. Another gives the actual figures for 1956: TV network gross time $488,000,000, TV spot $397,500,000; general and national farm magazines, $723,500,000. But the TV figures are less discounts and the magazine figures are not all-inclusive.

WHAT scares the magazines is that TV revenues are on the rise and include big budgets from the biggest advertisers. For example, last year the biggest spenders on TV spot were Procter & Gamble, Brown & Williamson (Viceroy cigarettes), General Foods, Sterling Drugs and Philip Morris, all accounts that the big magazines could use. A still unkinder cut is that the big advertising agencies have tended to give over 50 per cent of their clients' billing to TV, a percentage far above its "just" share. The agencies may be attracted by the huge profit margin in collecting a million-dollar commission on a $50,000 TV film commercial. But the big advertisers, who typically have a huge profit margin to play with, themselves encourage this crude approach to their problems.

The magazines naturally want to go over the agency's head directly to the advertiser, particularly with their argument against TV; i.e., that TV can only entertain, not say anything. TV may be all right for advertisers who haven't much to say, like the soap and cigarette people, but not for anything more complex than A plus B. Furthermore, the argument goes, you can't take a second look at a TV commercial, or keep it around the house like a magazine advertisement. And thirdly, since the TV ad yells at the consumer, it is as likely to enrage as win him, whereas magazine ads lie there politely waiting.

The magazines' weakness rests in that obscenity of obscenities, "duplication." When the *Woman's Home Companion* subscriptions were combed over, it was found that one-tenth duplicated *McCall's* subscribers and another tenth the *Ladies' Home Journal* subscribers. One-twentieth of *Companion* readers had subscribed to all three magazines. This is 25 per cent duplication. Add the unknown duplication of *McCall's* and *Ladies Home Journal*, and you have between a third and a half; add *Life* and the *Post*, and you may have nearly 100 per cent.

LIFE's weekly circulation will soon be over 6,000,000

Adv. in New York Times

Advertisers recognize duplication by roughly dividing space between the women's and the general magazines; but there are not too many advertisers who can pay the high advertising rates of magazines past the 5,000,000 mark, even if these reach from twenty to thirty million people—as many as a good TV network program.

On a one-shot program, TV can safely claim that it has almost no duplication. Nobody can look at two channels simultaneously, though one can switch in mid-program, of course, or switch to another channel next week. At one time, TV even let advertisers kill off competition completely. By guaranteeing that no competitive product would be advertised within fifteen minutes, TV let one advertiser freeze four or five competitive categories of products

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off the air for the best ninety minutes of night time. The trick was to buy two fifteen-minute spots half an hour apart and run commercials on four or five different lines of products. This was easy for P. & G., General Foods and Colgate.

But in fact, ephemeral as slick magazines are, TV is still more ephemeral. Who is looking at any particular program, how many, why, for how long and to what purpose, are still unanswerable questions. A magazine can prove it gets into 5,000,000 homes, and *almost* prove that 20,000,000 people pick it up 100,000,000 times, more or less, in the week, or month, or longer that the copy lasts intact.

TV's challenge, however, has made the magazines search their souls. The apparent answer of the women's magazines, if we can believe the full-page ads, is that they are more feminine than ever. This seems to be the exact opposite of the fact. *The Nation* suggested last year (September 15 issue) that the love affair between certain advertisers and the women was in trouble. An investment survey just completed corroborates this, and goes on to say that the women's magazines, notably *McCall's*, are therefore evolving editorially toward the general magazine. This can perhaps be more correctly stated as that women's magazines are trying to identify their audiences as a particular kind of woman who is also interested in general subjects. (The editorial content of *Ladies' Home Journal, McCall's, Woman's Day*, richly confirms this statement.) As *Time* said, the new woman buys just anything, not only P. & G. and General Foods products.

The trend at McCall's is UP

Adv. in New York Times

What has happened is that an undifferentiated mass of readers is no longer good enough to support a mass-circulation periodical. (*This Week* and *Reader's Digest* have the reader-mass, but not the advertising.) The developed relationship between the reader and the magazine is all-important; in short, the honor and integrity of the magazine are the key to its survival. This should always have been obvious; yet very few big magazine publishers have any but the dimmest notion of these great concepts. (Every new magazine is aware of them, but the vision fades.) They have flim-flammed the readers too long into sitting still for the advertiser's pitch; they have produced too many seven- day wonders, too many rabbits out of hats, repeated too many sure-thing stories too often, confirmed too many popular lies; and slowly that stain of skepticism has crept into the faithful reader's eye.

WHAT TO DO? The answer is obvious. At least get honor and integrity into the full-page ads in *The New York Times*. The *Post* and *Time* seem to have best caught the point in the ads reviewed earlier. *Good Housekeeping*, an honorable magazine, seemed unable to get it across.

Some magazines that did not enter the course are to be found among the dozen leaders in auto-advertising pages for 1956. They are *Grit*, the small-town magazine; *U.S. News and World Report, Farm Journal* and *Sunset Magazine*. These are all distinguished by reasonable honesty and reader loyalty. It should be clear that something is happening to reading and believing habits of Americans—and that the advertisers are profoundly interested in it. (No claim is made that the analysis given here is the final and definitive one.)

If, in some impossible future, consumer-advertising were lost to general media entirely, the individual American would be far worse off than he is now. The immense, and generally awful, consequences are too complex and repulsive to be contemplated here. Such a possibility is only a reminder to magazine publishers that their hope and salvation is the individual citizen, with all his whims, rather than the advertiser who picks up the check.

It was not pleasant to have to write last June, "The existing press is primarily a vending machine. . . . It is unfair and irrelevant to criticize this vending machine because it dispenses Coca-Cola instead of truth." But another way of saying the same thing is the magazines' own description of themselves as "media" not for ideas, but for the merchandising of baby foods, detergents and washing machines.

The Saturday Evening Post announces a new rate base:

5,200,000

Adv. in New York Times

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Misfortune of a Nation

IN THE COURT OF PUBLIC OPINION. By Alger Hiss. Alfred A. Knopf. 424 pp. $5.

Mark DeWolfe Howe

WHEN Whittaker Chambers in *Witness* tearfully and joyfully exposed himself, he sought something more than the indecent satisfaction of undressing in public. He believed that if once more he could tell his story to the American people they would appreciate the heroism of his penitence and the immensity of the nation's peril. He evidently built his volume on two assumptions: first, that the jury's verdict foreclosed the issue of veracity as between himself and Mr. Hiss; and, second, that by telling the story of his own shabby life he would add significant perspective to public understanding of the tragic events which led to the conviction of his erstwhile friend.

Alger Hiss has now written an absorbing book which is built upon two very different assumptions. The title he has chosen—*In the Court of Public Opinion*—reveals the purpose which moved him to write his book. But he is not, like Chambers, concerned to establish his heroism and his innocence by telling the story of his life. He seeks to reveal the elements in our legal system and to expose the aspects of our political life which made his conviction possible. Save in the last chapter, where evidence is summarized tending to show the probability that forgery by typewriter was committed, the materials presented by Mr. Hiss are generally familiar to persons who followed the case with reasonably close attention. Those who looked beyond the disputed questions of fact and the central issue of credibility as between Chambers and Hiss were undoubtedly aware of the influence which public emotion, political ambition and malice, and the excesses of the prosecutor had upon the outcome of the case. Nowhere else, however, have these elements by which the due processes of law were distorted been so carefully and persuasively analyzed. Mr. Hiss tells his story, not as the personal tragedy of a man and his family, but as the misfortune of a nation which found, yet did not very much care, that the instruments of government, effective in normal times for the administration of justice, were dangerous and clumsy weapons in a period of national alarm.

IF ONE believed that the issue in the Hiss case involved nothing more momentous than the decision whether Alger Hiss lied to the federal grand jury it would be easy, perhaps, to say that the petty jury's verdict concludes that issue, or at least that the verdict is sufficiently conclusive to put the nation's conscience at ease. We know, however, that the refutation of Hiss's sworn testimony was largely dependent upon the spongy word of Whittaker Chambers, a sinner who has found more joy in his public confessions than pleasure in his secret vices. If one has any interest in our national taste it is impossible to refrain from asking how American jurors could be persuaded to give credence to such a man as Chambers in preference to such a man as Hiss.

The reason why the grand and petty juries preferred the word of Chambers to that of Hiss was not, I believe, that reliable evidence corroborated his melodramatic story. The forces of persuasion were many and complicated. To say that Mr. Hiss has not discussed and analyzed them all is not to deny the great significance of those which he does analyze. He has, in my judgment, presented a careful and an honest argument to establish his belief that the jury's preference was in large part the result of skilful maneuvering by members of the House Committee on un-American Activities. Resolved to justify their investigations at a time when their continued life was in danger, they saw that the exposure of Alger Hiss might give them a new lease on life. As Mr. Hiss makes abundantly clear, they drifted, partly in malice against the nation's past and partly in hopeful expectations for their own future, into the position of endorsing the patriotism if not the honor of Chambers. Their mounting gratitude for his responsive intelligence and flexible conscience led them to present Chambers to America as a tarnished but repentant hero.

To defend themselves they became the prosecutors of Alger Hiss and they found it advisable to submit the question of his guilt or innocence to the judgment of the people. They used their power, if not their authority, to transform the Committee from an agency of investigation into an instrument of persuasion. By the time the Hiss case came to the federal court for final resolution an eager United States attorney was able to build his case upon foundations of prejudice which the House Committee had firmly laid.

In my opinion there is little doubt that Mr. Hiss has proved this case. He has, in other words, satisfied me that abuses of Congressional power, supplemented by the excessive zeal of the prosecutor, go farther to explain the second jury's verdict than does any presumption that twelve jurors who heard the witnesses accurately measured the conflicting testimony. Mr. Hiss's indictment of the methods by which his conviction was facilitated must disturb those who are anxious to safeguard the integrity of the judicial system and its processes. The lesson that he asks us to learn from his case seems to me to be this: the capacity of courts to administer justice is lagely dependent

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on the restraint of other agencies of government. A jury's verdict is normally entitled to respect not merely because the formalities of law have been observed, but because the judicial process was chosen by the government and the people as that through which guilt or innocence should be established. When a Congressional committee so conducts its affairs as to suggest that the public at large has primary jurisdiction to hear and decide criminal cases, it commits itself to the subversive enterprise of upsetting the presuppositions of our legal system. Once the decision has been made to bring a case to trial in the court of public opinion it makes relatively little difference whether the prosecuting committee has the bad manners of McCarthy or the more polished skill of Nixon. The bridge to subversion has been crossed. From that moment on, the basis of our confidence in the traditional means of adjudication—trial in a court of law—has been undermined. The federal court before which Alger Hiss was brought to trial was asked to decide a question which the committee had already submitted to a frightened people for their decision. Surely it is not surprising that Alger Hiss should ask us to keep these factors in mind when we ask ourselves whether the jury's decision that he had lied concludes the issue of his guilt.

THERE are sure to be some readers who will be disappointed that Mr. Hiss has not followed the lead of his antagonist and allowed his spirit to run naked and weeping through the streets. One of the ironies in Mr. Hiss's tragedy, perhaps, is the fact that he has never been able or willing to cast aside the stiff reserve of a proud lawyer. If it was inevitable —as perhaps it was in 1948—that the House Committee should succeed in its subversive effort to have the Hiss case tried by the people before it could be heard by the courts, might not the accused have been wiser to meet his attackers more in the open than he did? This is not to suggest that the charges against him were justified or that he committed perjury. It is only to suggest that had he spoken more fully about the evolution of his political beliefs and the changing color of his liberal faith, it would have been more difficult for his prosecutors to persuade the people that he had been guilty of suspicious concealments. Alger Hiss behaved at all times as he would have behaved before a court of law. Perhaps we who consider the committee's effort subversive should honor him for standing in the ancient ways, for behaving more like an outraged lawyer than like an indignant citizen. We cannot help wondering, however, whether he might not have saved himself from disaster by substituting for the familiar defensive tactics suitable in a court of law those distasteful techniques of controversy which are likely to be effective in the court of public opinion.

When Alger Hiss decided to write this book he recognized the court to which the House Committee had assigned jurisdiction. He still defends himself, however, as a lawyer. Those who may have been hoping that Hiss, when it came his turn to appeal to the court of public opinion, would speak with such passion and such fervor that the flame of his indignation would cast light on the darker mysteries of the case will be disappointed in the book. We see again the figure of a proud and thoughtful man. We see, perhaps more clearly than ever before, the shape of forces which made an unjust conviction possible. We are not, however, compelled by new revelations of fact or character to re-assess the elements on which our earlier judgment of Hiss's guilt or innocence was based.

TO SAY these things, to indicate that those who hoped for a sensational book will be disappointed, is not to suggest that Mr. Hiss failed to achieve his purpose. He has not sought to prove his innocence, but merely to persuade the American people that the processes of law are distorted by those who brought him to trial. The dignity and integrity of his effort cannot help but strengthen the faith of those who

To C, with Two Lines from Eluard

They threaten us with war.
They threaten us with peace.
They threaten us with the barbarity of races,
And with the abominations of the psyche.
They threaten us with good harvests.
They threaten us with famine.
They threaten us with themselves.
(O, insufficient warning!)
They threaten us with ourselves.
(This also comes too late.)
They threaten us with the new expressionism,
With chemical preservatives having unknown effects on the gizzard;
With flatulence and the proper pronunciation of sheiks' names;
With the Sunday *Times* and with flesh-colored prosthetic devices;
With chiaroscuro and with motherhood;
They even offer to threaten us with literary criticism.

And what a Devil's-turd they have brought up, poling through history!
It is worth a life's appetite to breathe over one's shoulder.
When catcalls drove them off Atlantis,
Immediately they managed to foretell chimeras from the moon.

O what tigers they must think men are, to threaten us so!
What a carp's fecundity we must have to teem the seas dry
And locust down the makings of the world!
What bears to jostle with created things!
What falcon minds to craw the skymost imagination!
These are the noble threats which Mexicans
Carry to festivals on a pole.

And yet I fear these death's-heads jaw too much.
To see them is to disbelieve them.
They too, alas, are men.

S. P. ZITNER

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believe him innocent. Perhaps these qualities in the book will also weaken the conviction of some who have believed him guilty. In any case Alger Hiss has made it impossible for those who want to forget the case to justify their forgetfulness by citing its final disposition in the courts. Whether the tribunal of history will accept or reject the jury's verdict we cannot say. It seems clear, however, that it will condemn the action of those who converted an investigating committee of the Congress into a prosecuting agency of the government.

The Footsteps of Horace

JUSTINE. By Lawrence Durrell. Faber and Faber. 15/

SELECTED POEMS. By Lawrence Durrell. Grove Press. 79 pp. $1.25.

Kenneth Rexroth

ONE OF the best, and certainly one of the most civilized writers in England today is Lawrence Durrell. Maybe that is why he is what is called inadequately known on this side. He has written a couple of superlative travel books, literary essays, miscellaneous *belles lettres*, four volumes of poetry, and two novels, different from each other and each quite unlike any other fictions of our day—at least until they produce imitators. Grove Press has gathered a selection of the poems. The only thing wrong with it is that it is much too short. I enjoy Durrell's poetry more than that of anybody else anywhere near his age—45—now writing in the British Isles. In fact, only MacDiarmid, Muir and Read appeal to me as much. It is a poetry of tone, the communication of the precise quality of a very precious kind of revery—animalism and skeptic faith recollected in tranquillity. Wallace Stevens wrote with the same emotional subject matter, but his poetry is cooked and strident in comparison with Durrell's easy relaxation. Again, he is gifted with a gentle, unself-conscious eroticism very rare in our nasty and Puritan world—never nastier than amongst our advanced *emancipés*.

The poet who has probably influenced him most is Georgis Kavafis, the only homosexual writer in history who was not ridden with guilt. Durrell's loves and adventures have been more normal and less random, so that he is saved from Kavafis' heart-rending nostalgia for vanished and vanishing fulfillment. No one writing verse today can better evoke a scene, a place, a room, a situation, the body of a woman, alive at just that fleeting moment that it lived, with all the meaning of its present, and all the pathos of its vanishing. Again, no one can better bow over unspeaking, resonant strings. Durrell's overtones and references would be destroyed by notes. It is just a haunting flavor of Gibbon's Theodora—lurking in the background with her rumors of bearpits and brothels —that counts in Durrell's poem to a modern intellectual tart of the same name. What glitters in the foreground is the gold fleck in the living girl's eye. And it is all done so simply, with never a mirror; the best kind of legerdemain, without a stick of apparatus. Durrell's ancestor is Horace. Someday, when the world has calmed down, we will again realize that Horace is the perfect artist he was known to be in less troubled times. Right now, Lawrence Durrell is the only person I know who has the guts to walk in his footsteps.

JUST BEFORE the war Durrell wrote a novel, *The Black Book*. Nobody who read it ever quite got over it. It is the story, told from the inside, of a bunch of thoroughly wretched characters—intellectuals seeking exquisite debauchery. It gets just the right tone. It is so perfect, so dead-pan, you have to think it over before you realize that Durrell himself didn't really mean it. Lots of people have portrayed the evils of musical beds. I believe quite a few novels nowadays deal with this and related subjects. By and large, scratch a pornographer and a furious puritan emerges from the tousled bed covers. Through *The Black Book's* disgraceful boudoirs there floats only the gentle echo of Epicurean malice.

Justine is at least the equal of *The Black Book*, from the comic irony of its title to the tour de force of a tour de force that is its style. It is an imitation of what the French call a *recit* of a weak, pretentious schoolmaster and amateur of the sensibility, who is very busy writing fine writing about his ridiculously self-conscious *amours*. But the take-off on fine writing is itself fine writing —very fine indeed—and the two qualities, the real and its satirical mirror image, are so blended and confused that the exact nature of the "aesthetic satisfaction" is impossible to analyze. Proust manages this sometimes, like the absurd scene where his hero uses pages to describe the maneuvers by which he managed to spy on Charlus in the lumber room. Durrell is much more economical—Proust is so delighted to discover a spark of humor rising in his humorless mind that he usually works his jokes to death.

Once again Durrell has turned to Kavafis—in fact *Justine* is almost a novelification (like a versification but backwards) of Kavafis' poetry. It is not just an evocation, but a bodily conjuration of Alexandria—soft, sweet, corrupt and crazy, like some impossibly cloying tropical fruit. Shanghai—Alexandria—Tangiers—only our time has produced these sanatoria with the luxury rooms full of uprooted, rotting infants and the corridors full of eyeless beggars exhibiting their sores. Not only is the city so real that it envelops you like a cloud of its own miasmas, but the people are more real than real. The realist of all is the proverbial tart with a heart of gold. Both Durrell and I have been taken to task by the same British critics for imagining that this type of girl actually exists. He certainly makes her very convincing. I doubt that he just thought her up. Like all hearts of gold, she dies as pathetically as any Dickens girl. I don't think the other people have hearts at all—there doesn't seem to be anything inside them but dry rales and spoiling orchids, but they are frighteningly like the people you know.

KENNETH REXROTH's most recent book is In Defense of Earth.

Peace

Somewhere is peace
Where a ridge of black pines
Throws shadows downward to a house
of peace;
A house moated and moored
Against time—
Bright time burning, time rolling.

Break the spun wheel.
Walk to dear darkness.

They are mauled by movement,
The stiff strugglers
Against the downdrawn shadows of
pines.
I see them perish, palsied
On the whirl of time.
I see them rigid in a clutch of motion.
I see them die in a house of peace.

And I would shutter me up from light
And the delirium of space,
Knowing the darkness of one night
And of one place.

HAL SAUNDERS WHITE

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Economics of the Feed-Back

AUTOMATION: ITS PURPOSE AND FUTURE. By Magnus Pyke. Philosophical Library. 191 pp. $10.

THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF AUTOMATION. By Paul Einzig. W. W. Norton & Co. 255 pp. $3.95.

Roy J. Sampson

THE RAPID development of electronic computers has spawned a number of exotic children, including Operations Research, Linear Programming and Automation. The first two, which actually are old techniques wearing new names, have been embraced by literary-minded professional economists. Automation, however, which really is something new, and which is accompanied by a host of problems peculiarly within the province of economic science, has been left largely to the engineers, managers, laborites and politicians. It is to the shame of American economists that these two excellent books, one by a chemist and the other by a financial expert, had to originate in Britain.

Both Pyke and Einzig define automation in its broadest sense; that is, as a technique plus a philosophy. Both foresee a second Industrial Revolution, comparable in its social effects to the first, wherein not only muscle power but routine brain power will be replaced. They agree that this revolution is inevitable and probably desirable from the overall viewpoint, but both fear some of its possible consequences. Because of the authors' differing interests and approaches, however, the two books complement rather than compete with each other. Dr. Einzig writes of practical economic problems, whereas Mr. Pyke is concerned with the more important but more vague values of individualism, culture and human dignity.

Nine of Pyke's thirteen chapters are devoted to present or potential applications of automation in specific industries or occupations. These include engineering, chemistry, the petroleum industry, accounting, transport, merchandising, food and catering, guided missiles and automatic language translation. The principal merits of this section of his work are the author's simplicity of style and his interpretative and historical insights. The least technical reader can follow his discussion without difficulty, and the most prosaic will find food for his imagination.

Pyke's major contributions, however, are in his introductory and concluding chapters. It is here that the pertinent human questions are raised. Will our way of thinking be adapted to the machine, or vice versa? Will the need for labor finally be overtaken by the labor-saving capacity of the new techniques? If so, what will be the impact of the Leisure State upon a people dedicated to the Gospel of Work? Will the impersonalism of automation be extended to social and political decision-making? Will society preserve a place for the non-conformist, or will we become a robotized ant colony? Needless to say, the author does not have definitive answers to these questions, but it is important that the questions be asked. One gathers the impression that Pyke hopes for the best but would not be too greatly surprised if something less than the best developed.

EINZIG challenges the premise that the problems of automation can be solved by existing economic theory. Whether or not we need a new "Automation Economics," as he suggests, or only an application of present economic analysis to automation problems, is largely a matter of terminology. There is little dispute, however, that neither "classical" nor "Keynesian" economists have given sufficient attention to the potential problems of automation. To remedy this deficiency, the author devotes one or more chapters each to the probable effects of automation on employment, output, price levels, distribution of the product, capitalization, international trade and exchange, business cycles, monetary and fiscal policies, raw materials supplies, government intervention, wage policies, underdeveloped nations and national defense. Parenthetically, his analysis does not utilize a "new" economics. In addition, several chapters deal with technological, commercial and social aspects of automation.

Einzig's basic position might be described as a safe middle-of-the-road one. He concludes that the dangers of automation are not so great as claimed by its opponents, nor so small as maintained by its enthusiasts. The long-run advantages of the new technique far outweigh its admitted transitional disadvantages. And even the short-run disadvantages may be minimized by prompt and correct action.

Einzig's optimism is less cautious than Pyke's. As examples, two of his possible "answers" may be cited. Concerning the possible rapid exhaustion of irreplaceable raw materials because of a "too-rapid increase in the standard of living resulting from automation," he finds that "Planning on national and international scale is the only answer to this problem." One may be pardoned for wondering if this is an "answer" or a dream. Again, in discussing the sharing of the benefits of automation, he suggests "some intelligent compromise in which all legitimate interests would be reconciled with each other and with the public interest." This is likely to occur on the day when philosophers become kings and kings philosophers! Meantime, we still are faced with the short-run problems of adapting to automation.

ROY J. SAMPSON is assistant professor of economics at Texas Technical College.

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THEATRE

Robert Hatch

WHEN O'Neill escaped from the family suicide implicit in *Long Day's Journey Into Night* he deserted his older brother James; in after years he paid for this with an irrational sense of guilt. In *A Moon for the Misbegotten* (Bijou) he dramatizes an episode from the family history which suggests that James found at least a moment of companionship, understanding and love before he died. By attributing a measure of fulfillment to his brother, O'Neill could accept a measure of peace for himself.

Or so we are tempted to speculate. We are assuming these days an identity between the various Tyrones of the plays and the members of the O'Neill family who obviously inspired them. I suspect that in time we shall find we have been too literal about it. But in the case of *A Moon for the Misbegotten* it is hard to avoid the notion—and the notion is what gives the play its poignancy—that O'Neill was trying to lay the ghost of his brother.

It seems a *rationalized* play, skilful as to plot, but uneasy, even specious, in its motivations. Unless you assume that it is factual, you may have trouble believing that it is plausible. Since Genet's *The Maids* I have not seen a play in which the truth was so evasive.

Toward the end of his life Jim Tyrone inherited a worn-out Connecticut farm that was being worked in a desultory way by a drunken Irish tenant and his almost ludicrously Rabelaisian daughter. Jim liked to drink with Mike Hogan and he soon came under the spell of the sluttish Josie. When he threatened to sell the place, however, Hogan and his daughter cooked up a badger game, and late one moonlit night the scapegrace landlord walked into the trap.

Up to that point the play sounds a likely sequel to the sour miseries of *Long Day's Journey*, but then the focus changes. Jim was only kidding about the sale and Hogan, knowing it, was only trying to promote a romance which he thought would bring joy to the lonely pair. For Josie is really an idealistic maiden, yearning with mother love, and Jim is a tired little boy who wants to weep and sleep on the bosom of an understanding nurse. In the dawn light, everyone is transformed: the crafty Hogan is a kindly old cupid, the foul-mouthed Josie is a monument of self-denying love, and Jim has found the grail of understanding and forgiveness.

It is an affecting scene and would make you glad about the ways of men and women if you could accept it. But the Hogans ring false as ministering angels and the theory that true confession is good for the soul seems an easy solution to the terrible experience of being a Tyrone. It is unlike O'Neill to force a play into reconciliation, and I cannot escape the feeling that in this, his last work, he wrote not what he understood, but what he wanted to believe. The trick behind the trick, says Hogan, is the spice of life. It is also a device by which a dramatist's heart may deny what his mind knows.

CYRIL CUSACK, a veteran of the Irish theatre, plays the crafty farmer. He uses all the tricks—the falsetto voice, the jabs, winks, leers, pate-scratching and dead-pan sallies—of Abbey Theatre knockabout farce and he makes great fun with the material O'Neill supplies.

Wendy Hiller and Franchot Tone have a harder time. Miss Hiller appears to be unfamiliar with farm wench behavior and displays a rough and immodest awkwardness that seems almost spastic. She is presumably haunted also by the knowledge that in the closing scenes she will have to assume a wise and suffering nobility for which she can find little forewarning in the earlier pages of the script. And Mr. Tone is in the thankless position of author's pawn. He overacts heartiness, he overacts contrition, he even hams pouring a drink or lighting a cigarette, and he is convincing only in the rather long stretch at the end when he is asleep in Josie's arms. I see nothing in the text to justify this hollow behavior—Tyrone was supposed to feel at home around the Hogan farm—and I attribute it to an experienced actor's feeling that his part does not hold together.

All this, I fear, is also a reflection on Carmen Capalbo's direction. He wisely gave Mr. Cusack his head, but he seems not to have found any solution to the problems of his other two principals.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE RECITAL of experimental music given recently by the devoted young pianist, David Tudor, was the most distasteful and enervating event of the present musical season. Tudor, himself, is a good pianist—tense, sensitive, and possessed of evident intellectual capacities. He snorts a bit as he plays, but that is a minor disability. The music he chose to perform was enough to challenge both sanity and patience.

Four members of the European avant-garde were represented on the program: Karlheinz Stockhausen (German); Bo Nilsson and Bengt Hambraeus (Swedish); and Henri Pousseur (Belgian). They are all of them 12-tone composers. And, if ears are any judge, they are devoted to the idea of total disintegration. Dissociated thumps and spasms; brief, incongruous commotions—these were the result of their calculations. They expressed precisely nothing. And, worst of all, they were dull.

The most gimmicked work was one by Stockhausen called *Nr. 4 Klavierstuck XI*. It was played from a great cardboard poster on which had been pasted various fragments of "music." The performer's duty was to bang his way through the various fragments, choosing them at random, and stopping when the same paste-up had caught his eye for a third time. The poster attracted much attention, but the piece itself sounded no different from anything which had preceded it. There were a few swipes with the flat of the hand—that was all.

It has always been my opinion that 12-tone composers, like all others, are ultimately accepted or not on the basis of their personalities and of the "message" revealed in their music. In the early days of atonality, everybody's ears were troubled by it, and the tendency was to lump all composers of such music together. That is no longer the case. We can discern vast differences in the music of such composers as Berg, Webern and Schoenberg. It has become apparent, for example, that Berg was a warm and preeminently humane artist, while Schoenberg said some things in his music which one might find unpleasant in real life and which are equally, though more intangibly, disturbing in abstraction.

Now, with this group of young men a different situation presents itself. I think it is covered by the old Hollywood gag, "It's not enough to be a Hungarian; you've also got to have talent." The 12-tone technique is no longer a camou-

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flage for sterility. Despite their pretensions to being deeply expressive, the works of these experimentalists were only aggressive, vacuous and mediocre.

IN SHINING contrast to all this was the performance of Handel's *Israel in Egypt* given at Carnegie Hall by the Dessoff Choirs. Paul Boepple, the group's director, is a strapping, vital fellow, and his conception of the work was as accurate as it was full of drive. With a chorus of respectable, but not militantly professional quality, and with the assistance of an underrehearsed Symphony of the Air, he celebrated the Dessoff Choirs' twentieth anniversary in a manner rewarding to all concerned. When the music called for drums, he gave us DRUMS, with the percussionist stationed on the apron of the stage and beating as if he meant it. When "the locusts came without number and devoured the fruits of the ground," the Symphony's strings buzzed like surrealist insects. And, in places where Handel wrote great, staccato chords for the chorus, they came forth with such force and ingenuous glee that only a deaf person could have misunderstood their meaning. Indeed, the section, "He smote all the first-born of Egypt," might have been composed and conducted by an amiable prize-fighter.

Handel was frustrated as a man of the theatre. But *Israel in Egypt*, even within its static, non-operatic format, is a superlative theatrical achievement. Partly, the text is responsible. The verses for its first half (*Exodus*) are terse, nuggetal and poetic. They lend themselves to dissection and extension. By the time they have been partly stated, dis-assembled, and restated in different juxtapositions, an effect almost of Gertrude Stein has come about, and emphases are both joyfully and pungently made. The oratorio's second half (*Moses' Song*) is a restatement of the first in contemplative rather than pictorial terms, and it thus tends to bog down a bit. But even here, Handel saves the day by cannily bringing his soloists forward and by creating a touchingly sincere climax on "The Lord shall reign for ever and ever."

To those who have tired of *The Messiah* or at least of the institutional aspect it has assumed; to those who conceive that Handel is fully represented as a composer by that work—I suggest *Israel in Egypt* as a corrective.

TELEVISION

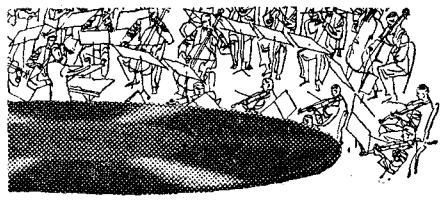
Anne W. Langman

EVERYONE agrees that baseball makes a fine show on television and almost everyone will look in on a Congressional hearing with real if morbid curiosity. But aside from such entertainments, has the home screen anything to offer the adult mind? Not much, it seems. *Omnibus* can be counted on more often than not: Leonard Bernstein on music, Agnes DeMille on dance. *Camera 3* continues to find new ways of presenting music and art; *Medical Horizons* and *The March of Medicine* are better than respectable in their limited field. But these are exceptions to the network fear that serious discussion will upset the delicate balance of the sponsor-producer-consumer triangle. Race relations? The South wouldn't stand for it. Politics? You must be impartial. Divorce? The Catholic Church would boycott the show. Civil Rights? Watch out for the veteran groups. Sex? The children might be watching.

But local programs have to please viewers in a smaller community, and they are beginning to work at deeper levels. *The Open Mind*, which celebrated its first anniversary on New York City's WRCA last Sunday, had as its topic for the day "The Alger Hiss Case and American Public Opinion." Regular viewers were not startled; in the last twelve months they have seen discussions of such topics as "Homosexuality," "Has Labor Grown too Big?" "Book, Movie and TV Censorship," "The New Negro," "Divorce," "Anti-Semitism" and "Alcoholism." Experts sit around a table with producer Richard Heffner, who acts as moderator. Teacher and historian (*A Documentary History of the United States*), Heffner wants his show "to bring important problems to light. It's a clearing house for ideas.... I believe TV is a good tool. And there is no reason why it cannot be used for intelligent and balanced discussion on topics of concern."

Such discussions can be on a national network only when they are clothed in sufficiently sensational trappings. Mike Wallace's two network shows to date have gotten away with discussing divorce (Gloria Swanson's marital career) and race relations (Ku Klux Klan Imperial Wizard Edwards) by allowing the audience the pleasure of watching the subject squirm. The topic at hand, important for its drawing power, serves only as a springboard for the dive into muckraking waters. "RACE, BOOZE, HOMOS" shrieked a *Variety* headline describing *The Open Mind*. Heffner mildly dismisses this as "a distortion," but recognizes that national TV could not accept the free inquiry of his show. He considers it fortunate that such a program can be available on a local station, and is pleased that Boston's WGBH has decided to carry it.

By leaning over backwards to be fair, Heffner's program is sometimes dull. The Reverend Martin Luther King and Judge J. Waties Waring of South Carolina brought all their intelligence to discussing "The New Negro." "The violence we are undergoing now is dying. It's the last attempt to hold on to the old order," King said slowly. "Most great reforms have periods of stress and distress," followed Waring. They took turns making statements of this kind, but there was little interchange of thought. In the "Anti-Semitism" show, which has just won a distinguished award, Hefner's introduction ("We do not have an open mind on bigotry")



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ruled out debate. Participants Dr. Marie Jahoda (from the psychiatric point of view), Arnold Foster (legal) and Harold Taylor, president of Sarah Lawrence, talked about the extent, cause and cure.

The show lights up when the people on it are able to project some passion onto the screen. The expressive gnarled hands and chiseled face of Father John LaFarge, in "Report on Civil Rights," emphasized the wisdom of his simply-expressed remarks: "Fanatics—those types that behave in such a looney fashion and go off half-cocked on issues—lose their battle to public opinion. They would like to keep this stuff local. But the minute it spreads over the whole nation, they are repudiated." Jay Nelson Tuck, TV critic of The New York *Post*, went hammer and tongs for NBC's Director of Continuity Acceptance (network locution for censor) Stockton Hellfrich. Tuck was trying to find out why no TV drama tackling desegregation has ever been shown on the network. Hellfrich and Miles David of *Sponsor* magazine, dodged and ducked. "Be realistic—there's no room in mass-sponsored TV for such explorations." "The public has more popular taste." "A highly inflammatory play would be historically unethical." The conflict between the sponsor's wish to sell products and the use of TV to inform people became painfully clear in this show on "TV Censorship."

The Open Mind lets viewers share talk which might be going on in many a living room. At its worst, the guests are solidly pedantic; at its best, one can watch and listen to an intelligent, stimulating and illuminating exchange of opinion. It may be a long time before America gets anything like the BBC's "Third Program." Those who had such hopes for Pat Weaver's newly-announced plans for a program service are already seeing disillusioning signs of mass appeal. Pay TV, now authorized for trials, may give the medium some quality, but it too will be a long time coming. Non-profit educational TV stations, operating in seven large cities, still cannot get a foothold in Los Angeles or New York. But *The Open Mind* is a simple technique that any local station can put into work tomorrow. Live issues are everywhere and so are live minds.

MEETING

DR. FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN, Woodrow Wilson Professor of Government, Williams College, will speak on **"THE CHALLENGE OF TOTALITARIANISM,"** Sunday, May 26th at 2 P.M., Hotel New Yorker, 34th St. & Eighth Ave. Songs by Martha Schlamme. Admission 50c. **Auspices: New York Jewish Conference.**

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

May 19 through 23

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, May 19

THIS IS DEFENSE (CBS). Open House at Andrews Air Force Base will show tactical maneuvers and defense exhibits of Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Air Force and Coast Guard.

THREE, TWO, ONE—ZERO (NBC; Project 20). Film footage on nuclear explosions and the controlled use of atomic energy from Russia, Japan, United States and elsewhere. Repeat showing of a 1954 production by Henry Salomon.

PROTEGE (NBC; Alcoa Hour). Ed Wynn in a play about a silent screen comedian's second chance at fame. With Evelyn Varden, Betsy Palmer, Skip Homeier.

Wednesday, May 22

THE PLAUSIBLE IMPOSSIBLE (ABC; Disneyland). An analysis of the animated cartoon.

Thursday, May 23

AGAIN THE STARS (ABC; Telephone Time). Dramatization of the story of Dr. Philippe Pinel, the first man to use humane methods in the confinement and treatment of the insane.

WINTER DREAMS (CBS; Playhouse 90). F. Scott Fitzgerald story concerning the pitfalls of ambition, starring Dana Wynter, John Cassavetes, Edmund Gwenn, Mildred Dunnock.

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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 723

ACROSS: 1 ROUND SHOULDERS; 9 TOCCATA; 10 IMPEDED; 11 ALARMS; 12 INTERCOM; 14 PYREXIA; 15 TO LET; 19 RED DRUM; 21 TEST CASE; 23 BEAMED; 25 ISRAELI; 27 and 26 COMMONWEALTH; OF NATIONS. DOWN: 1 RITUALISM; 2 UNCLASP; 3 DEAD MARCH; 4 HEAD; 5 UNION CARDS; 6 DUPLE; 7 and 13 RADICAL EXPRESSION; 8 ADAM; 15 TORMENTIL; 16 and 17 THE IDES OF MARCH; 18 ROSARIO; 20 MAMMOTH; 21 TAIL; 22 CREAM; 24 ONCE.

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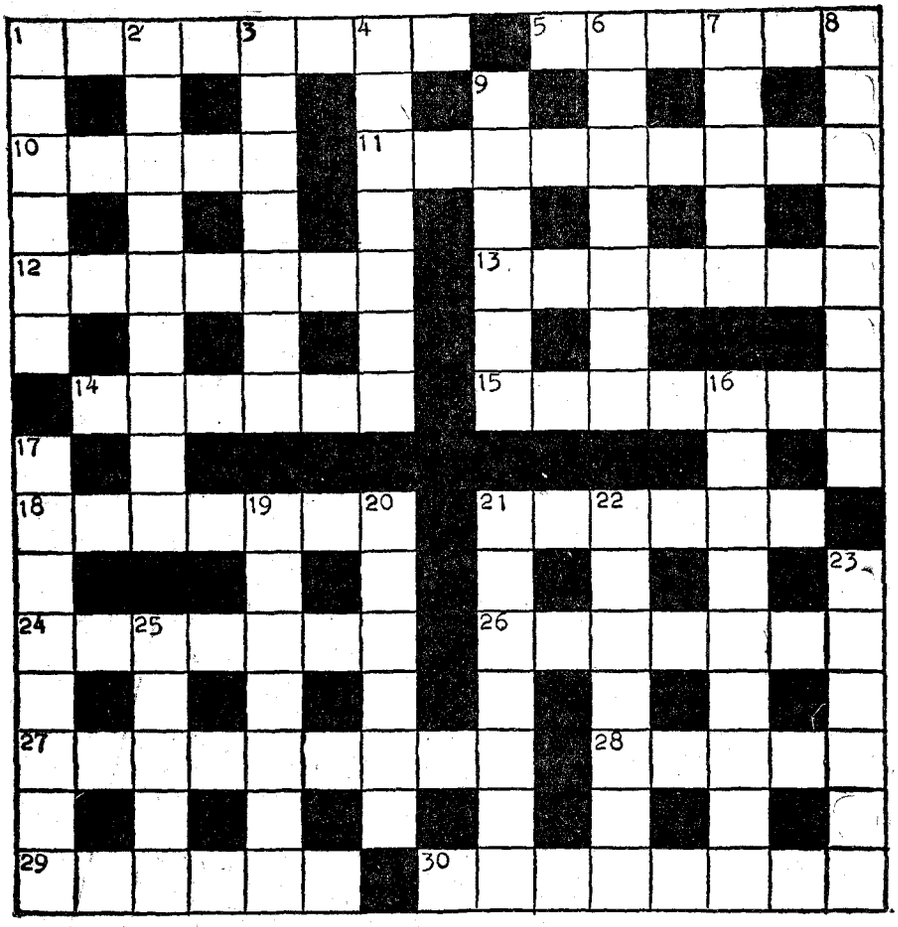
Crossword Puzzle No. 724

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Sounds as though something in the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" might make one laugh, it's plain. (8)
5 Could be seen when the deep is explored. (6)
10 Where things are made in turn? (5)
11 See 14 across
12 Leader of Tate for New York? (Berkeley said the course of one was westward.) (7)
13 To return empty, but certainly not underfoot. (7)
14, 25 down and 11 across Proving one element is consistently at the point of discovery. (4, 2, 5, 3, 4, 2)
15 Put forward again, it might telescope with 12 properly. (7)
18 Is his elbow perpetually bent? (He returns first-class to his counterpart.) (7)
21 Now usually prescription, though some prefer a form of receipt for it. (6)
24 Existed in a school of whales with capacity for action. (7)
26 Doesn't exactly act for the "King of the Cowboys" instead of Mr. Rogers! (7)
27 Washington is this state. (9)
28 One probably doesn't like to put up with bad play. (5)
29 Gertrude, Ep and Ein, according to the song. (6)
30 Changes the trend concerning poetry. (8)

DOWN:

1 Something that stops around a woman's waist? (6)
2 They might suggest a likeness to Pa's mother. (9)
3 Fish and 16 down might be. (7)
4 What Tennyson had in common with Joyce. (7)
6 Evidently feels the cold of winter in France, amidships. (7)
7 Country, or just the head of state? (5)
8 Examination indeed! (Had a bad reaction, no doubt!) (8)
9 See 21 down
16 A spring under which something sweet comes up and shoots. (9)
17 More than one 1 down, for bottles, perhaps. (8)
19 Pagan, or a perfect specimen thereof. (7)
20 Does it spread things like a British air marshal? (6)
21 and 9 down Supposed to help prevent losses to the government, rather than cause them! (7, 6)
22 Rosette, perhaps. (7)
23 Pumps around in circles? (6)
25 See 14 across

(Solution on Page 448)

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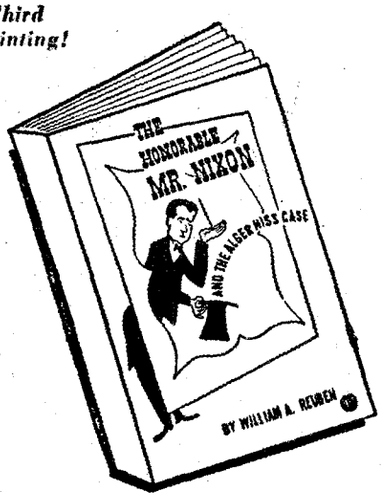

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